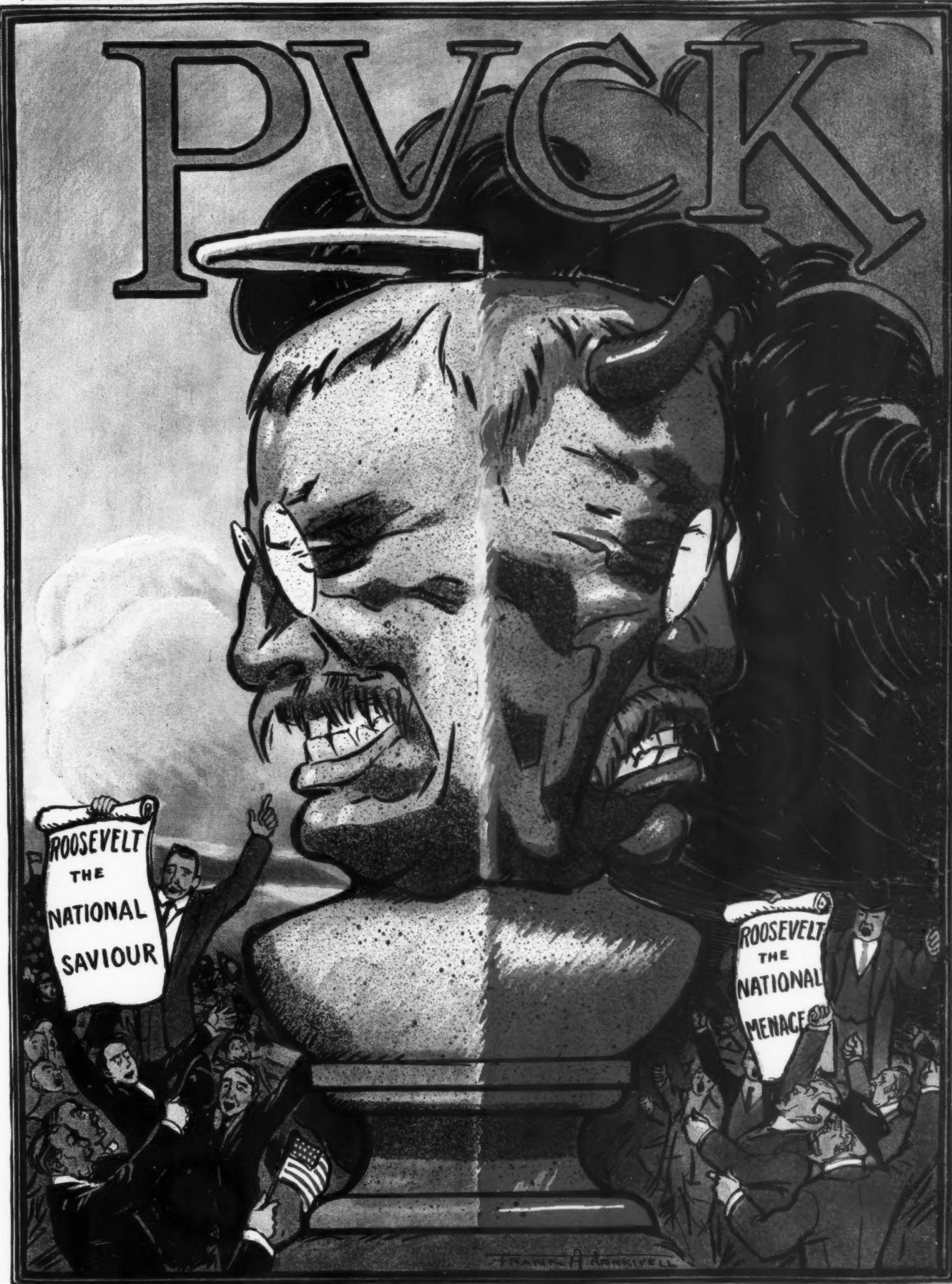


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THE POLITICAL JANUS.

IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE WAY YOU LOOK AT HIM.



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Cartoons and Comments

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. IT SEEMS to us that now is a fine time for some well-balanced, rational public man to say a few words on the subject of the courts. We have heard a good deal of late about "the attacks on the judiciary," and we have annexed the idea from a perusal of certain newspapers that nothing so surely points the way to national crash and disaster as do these same attacks. In the language of SHAKESPEARE, however, these newspapers "doth protest too much." They give one the impression that a judge, like an ancient king, can do no wrong, and for that reason a little straight talk in public by somebody like Senator Root or Judge PARKER or former Ambassador CHOATE would accomplish a lot of good. We do not believe that these gentlemen, or any one of them, would join in the hue and cry that our American courts are crooked and that confidence in them is misplaced. Neither do we think that they would subscribe to the notion that a judgeship is a sort of "holy of holies," by divine right protected from the profane world without. One notion, it seems to us, is as bad as the other, and while it should be thoroughly understood that rash criticism of the judiciary does not make at once of the author a high-minded Progressive, it should also be realized that the man who opens his mouth to criticise the actions of a judge on the bench is not necessarily a demagogue and a firebrand, as some of these much-protesting newspapers would have us believe. A judge is a public official, in many cases chosen at a public election, and he is paid a salary from the public treasury. In these respects he is no different

from a senator, a congressman, a governor, or a mayor, yet to criticise him or any of his official actions is to "undermine the foundations of our government." You may have differences of opinion with senators and mayors, and criticise their acts without undermining anything, but the case of a judge, by some strange code of ethics, is different. Yet in many instances throughout the country judges have been found as active in machine politics as senators, congressmen, governors, and mayors. Despite the calamity howling of the much-protesting type of newspaper, it is not true that a citizen assails "the integrity of the United States Supreme Court" just because he happens to object when a local lawyer-politician, elevated to a local bench, renders a decision or grants an injunction which is scandalously contrary to the public interests. There is a middle course to steer in these criticisms of the courts and it would be a good plan to find it. Not all judges are "old fossils" or "crooks," nor are all of their critics "anarchists."



THE MORNING AFTER.
AND THE WORLD IS STILL GOING ROUND.

WHETHER he wins or loses in New Jersey—and at this writing our guess is no better than the other fellow's—there can be no doubt that Dr. WOODROW WILSON, the Democratic candidate for governor, is a success in politics. His campaign has been clean and vigorous, and his speeches, though of the sort one naturally would expect from a man of Dr. Wilson's learning, have never been over his auditors' heads. The best service he has rendered in the contest for the governorship has been his demonstration that loose talk, personalities, and abuse of opponents are not essential to the making of a strong case.

PUCK

THE PRESENT.

DON'T WAIT, dear friend, don't wait till when
The hand of death shall touch my brow,
'T will be too late to knock me then—
Do it now!

Don't wait until my five-foot-ten
Is laid away. Dear friend, oh how
Can you expect to do me then?
Do me now!

Don't wait 'till I'm beyond your ken
With angel folk—for you'll allow
You cannot get my nanny then—
Get it now!

C. M. West.

CABBAGEHEADS AND KINGS.



THE march of time continues to an accompaniment of loud bangs, revolutionary speeches, and red flags, an appalling problem rises to confront us. What shall we do with our ex-kings? Already li'l Manoel the Good seeks fresh fields and pastures new while, according to the best astrologers, it will be only a question of time that Alphonso too will be anxiously scanning the Help Wanted ads. under the sub-head "Royalty." The ex-Sultan has been a drug on the labor market for years, and the former Shah of Persia has risen already as high as corporal in the great army of the unemployed.

And here they are—all estimable gentlemen, and all unable to do anything outside of their trade (except perhaps the Shah, who as a Persian doubtless is able to ride and shoot the bow and speak the truth). The last accomplishment, though a drawback in modern society, is sufficiently a curiosity to ensure the Shah a place in any dime museum. As the Shah is studying medicine, he doubtless would be quite willing to work as a curio evenings—at least till he got his practice established.

When the Shah gets his diploma he might advantageously come over to this land of opportunity and hypochondriasis and set up as Old Doctor Shah (or Shaw) the Painless Persian. Should he do this he could give Alphonso a job personating "Before I began Old Doctor Shaw's treatment."

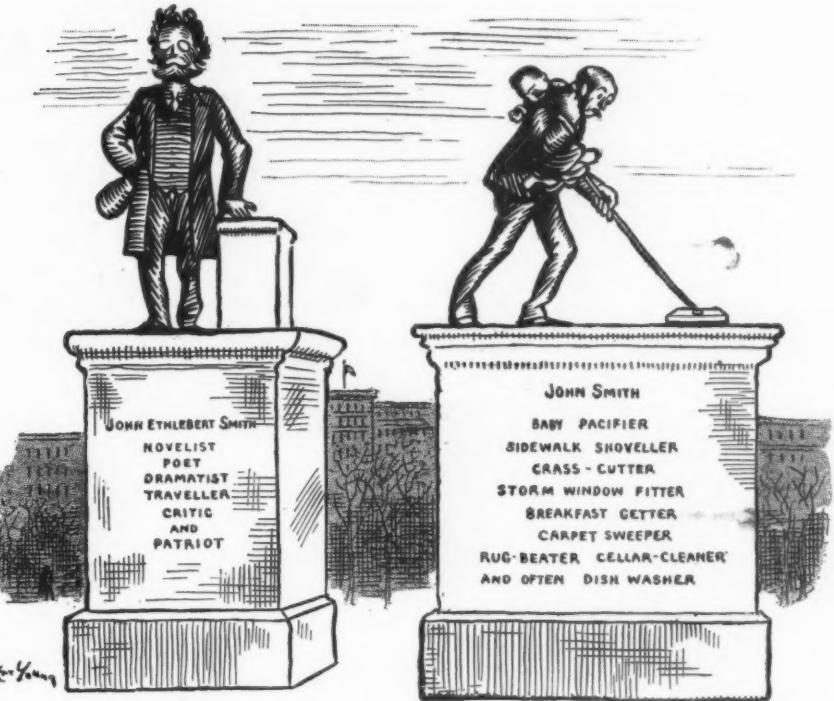


BEFORE ROME BURNED.

ROMAN CITIZEN.—What's the matter, Friend Tullius Marcusque?

ROMAN INSURANCE-AGENT.—Matter? Why, the companies have just decided to cancel all their policies here on the ground of a "moral hazard," and the Board of Underwriters have appointed me to acquaint Emperor Nero with the fact!

This is the age of concrete, the amount of it being that even when we ask for bread, we're not sure of getting a genuine stone.



A PROPOSED MONUMENT.
IF WE APPROVE OF THE ONE ON THE LEFT, WHY NOT THE ONE ON THE RIGHT?

If Manoel did not care to appear as "After Taking" he might do well as the star attraction in Abdul's Matrimonial Agency—Attractive Affinities Assured. There is no reason why a man with Abdul's experience should not run a much better agency than the miserable specimens now flourishing in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and other parts of the romantic Middle West.

These are, however, merely passing suggestions. The world clearly owes its ex-kings a living, and there is no doubt that it will pay up without compelling their highnesses to resort to that well known collection agency—Hustle & Sweat.

Horatio Winslow.

BLOOD.

ROMEO and Juliet were talking it over.

"How can they object to us marrying," pouted Juliet, "when everybody says there's so much good blood on both sides!"

"Good blood on both sides," rejoined Romeo, "never yet prevented bad blood between!"

Juliet clapped her hands joyfully.

"What a clever epigram! I do hope Shakespeare will get it!" she exclaimed. But in that aspiration she was destined, as all the world knows, to be grievously disappointed.

PARADISE.

I WOULD like to go to heaven,
For I'll tell you plain and flat
I would like to hear a service
Where they do not pass the hat.

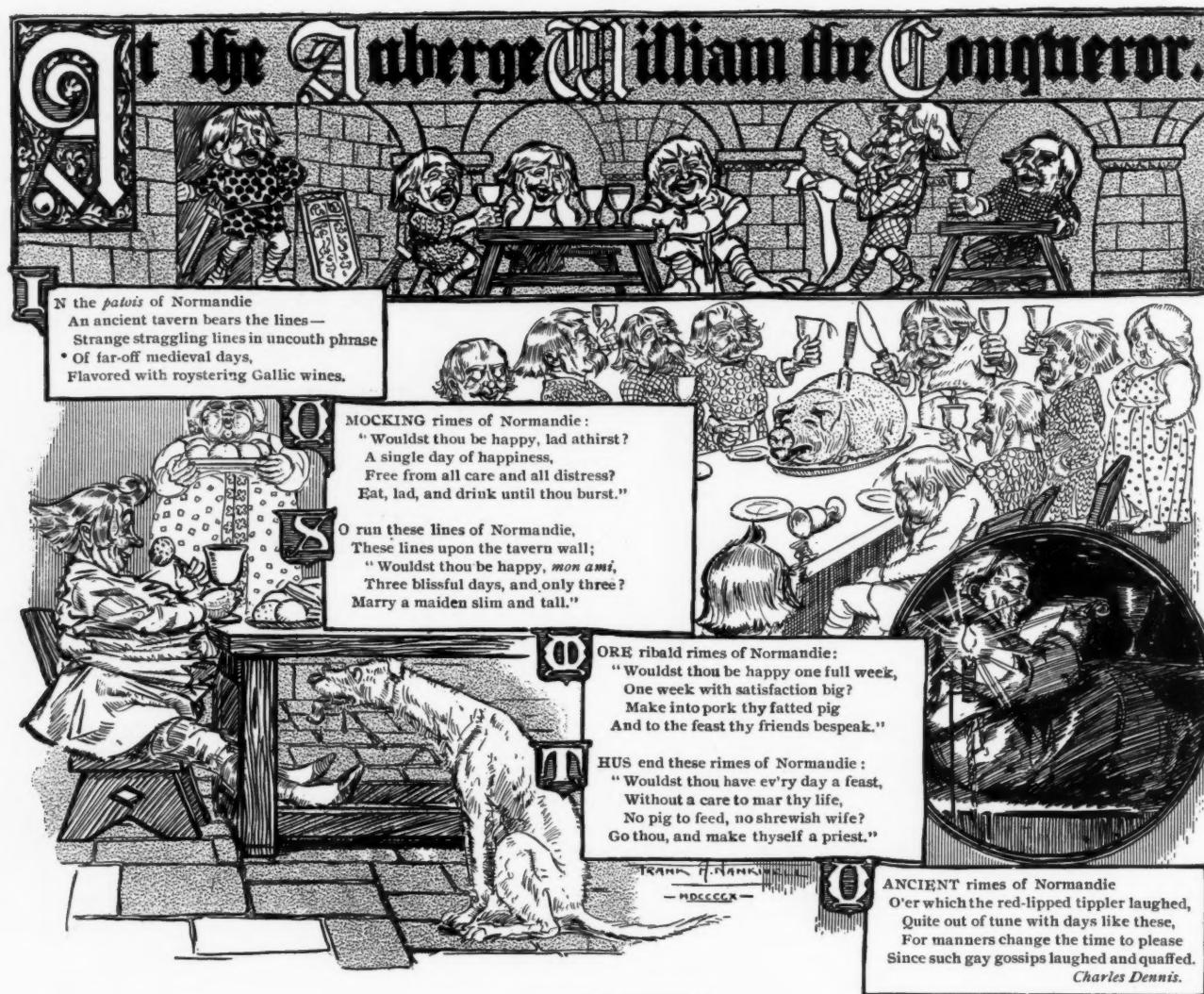
MRS. HANDOUT.—My rugs need beating. Are you willing to help?
HAPPY HIKE.—Sure, lady! Where is yer vacuum cleaner?



PERILOUS CONVERSATION.

MR. BLOOMENBERG (wildly).—Now you see vat happens! Didn't I tell you I could n't answer your kervestions undt holdt on to der veel at der same time!

PUCK



THE NEW BOY AT GRINDEMOUT ACADEMY

A FOOTBALL STORY FOR BOYS, AFTER THE APPROVED RUBBER-STAMP PATTERN USED
BY THE AUTHORS OF POPULAR JUVENILE FICTION OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER I.



"EV, FRESHIE!" Aubrey Westervelt turned and confronted the school bully who had hurled the sneering salutation. Aubrey was a new boy at Grindemout Academy. He found himself face to face with Hugh Sneerwell, the caddish son of a Smoketown millionaire. Hugh was generally disliked by the boys of Grindemout, but he had established a reputation as a bully, and ruled through fear. However, our hero did not fear Hugh. Taking off his coat, and assuming the graceful attitude of a trained boxer, the new boy said:

"Hugh Sneerwell, defend yourself! I am going to whip you soundly, and then I am going to take your place as quarterback of the school football team."

Hugh Sneerwell fought to the best of his ability, but under our hero's powerful blows he soon went down to defeat. The ringing cheer that arose proved to Aubrey Westervelt that his introduction to Grindemout Academy had been most propitious.

CHAPTER II.

The Grindemout football team had been running down for several years. Under the leadership of Hugh Sneerwell it had lost prestige steadily, until even a scrub High School team had torn it to tatters. Aubrey Westervelt sized up the situation, and though he modestly said nothing of his intention to any of his companions, he resolved to work a change.

On the first day of football practice Aubrey Westervelt appeared on the field clad in regulation costume. He entered into the play with vigor, although Hugh Sneerwell tried to keep him out by telling the rest of the boys that Aubrey was poor and was working his way through the school, hence should not be permitted to associate with the other pupils on the football field.

"It is no disgrace to be poor, Hugh Sneerwell," said our hero quietly, and by the cheer that arose he knew that he had made another hit with the boys of Grindemout Academy.

Aubrey then seized the football and began kicking it about the field. His kicking was a marvel, and his tackling and running the best ever seen on the Grindemout gridiron. He proved a revelation, and twenty minutes after practice had started he had the waning football enthusiasm of the students once more at high tide.

That night Aubrey Westervelt was elected captain and quarterback of the Grindemout Academy football team, and Hugh Sneerwell, who had been deposed, hissed:

"I will have my revenge!"

CHAPTER III.

It was the day of the great football match between Grindemout Academy and Cramemfull Preparatory School. There was great rivalry between the two teams. Cramemfull had the advantage in weight, brain, and brawn, but under Aubrey's tutelage the boys of Grindemout had developed wonderful speed and skill.

"Hit the line hard, boys. Don't flinch, don't cheat, but hit



FUTURE ANARCHISTS.

PUCK

the line hard," said Aubrey, reading from the collected speeches of a great statesman.

A ringing cheer went up, and the Grindemout boys, inspired by the borrowed words of their leader, dashed out upon the field.

The game was stubbornly contested. Time after time the ball was carried across Grindemout territory, only to be hurled back to the other end of the field by a dashing play pulled off by Aubrey Westervelt. The captain of the Grindemout football team was in his glory. Never had such a demon football player been seen on the gridiron. The captain of the Cramemfull team was in despair.

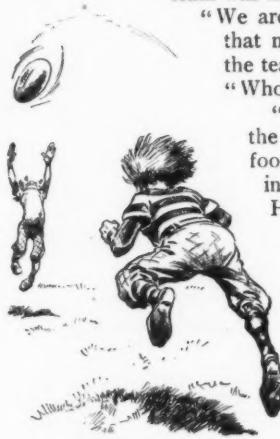
"We are beaten unless we can cripple that marvelous player," he cried, as the teams were resting between halves.
"Who will save us?"

"I will," whispered a voice in the Cramemfull captain's ear. The football leader turned and looked into the cold and cruel eyes of Hugh Sneerwell.

"I have here a pea-shooter," said Hugh. "At the critical moment of the game I will shoot Aubrey Westervelt in the eye and your team will be saved."

Filled with new hope the Cramemfull captain went back and began the second half of the game. The struggle was more terrific than ever. By a succession of punts, drop kicks, rushes,

and end runs, most of which he negotiated entirely without assistance, Aubrey Westervelt, the demon quarterback, succeeded in getting the ball within a few feet of the coveted goal. One effort more and all would be over. As the demon quarterback stood, shouting the signals for the last and deciding play, Hugh Sneerwell, creeping unobserved along the side-lines, shot a missile from his pea-shooter.



A GOOD SAFE PLACE.

"Where can I hide?" gasped the mining-stock promoter as he burst into his office. "The police are coming!"

"Get into the simplified card-index case," cried the chief clerk. "I defy anyone to find anything in there!"

Straight at the head of Aubrey Westervelt it sped, but the great quarterback just then turned his head slightly, and the pea, striking his nose-guard, rebounded from the hard rubber and stretched Hugh Sneerwell senseless on the ground.

When the treacherous conspirator came to his senses the game had been won, and Aubrey Westervelt was being carried in triumph on the shoulders of his victorious team mates.

The new boy at Grindemout Academy had made good.

Arthur Chapman.

AT PARTING.

THE play was just splendid, the leading man grand,
(But really, now, must you hold on to my hand?)

You thought the distinguished star's action was good?
Yes, I thought so too—(now please don't be rude!)

How strange! You liked D—in the emotional part?
(Why of course, "Mr. Silly," I still have a heart.)

What's that? The love-making at all times was tame?
(Mr. Smith, do be careful, there are rules to this game!)

No, I did n't take notice, were the stage-settings bare?
(Now, Mr. Smith, stop it, you're mussing my hair!)

Yes, I fancy the orchestra was a bit "loud"—
(Pul-lease! . . . Mr. Smith . . . You will soon draw a crowd.)

The plot of the piece? Um-m! a little too light,—
(Well, if you must have it, just one, then,—Good-night!)

J. Corson Miller.

HIS PREFERENCE.

A TRAVELING company of more or less merit is going to play *Sappho* at the Op'ry House to-night, at ten, twenty, and thirty cents admission," remarked the Old Codger, with his usual pessimistic acridity. "But I guess I'll just stay at home and smoke in comfort and look at the corset advertisements in the fashion magazines."



SPECIALLY QUALIFIED.

OWNER OF AUTOPLANE.—Your last employer says you have no backbone.

AVIATOR.—Why—er—

OWNER.—Well, you're just the man I want; my former aviators were always getting theirs broken!

Some men get to the front because the other fellows won't stop pushing.

PUCK



*D*oesn't it seem remarkable that, of the 150,000 physicians who are writing prescriptions in this United States, not one has ever accurately diagnosed the trouble of the Average Man? Is it worthy of comment that it should remain for a mere layman like unto myself to do it? It does. It is.



*W*ell, the trouble with the Average Man, then, is not hookworm. It is not pellagra. It is not cholera infantum, or beri-beri, or arteria sclerosis, or any of those things that the sons of Esculapius have been manfully guessing. The trouble with the Average Man is No-Time. Or, to give it the benefit of its ancient name, "tempus fugitus."

*C*onsider the tired business-man. He has No-Time. He has no time to eat, no time to sleep, no time to think. Remark the little printed cards which are tacked on the wall of his office: "Do it NOW!" "I am BUSY; Are You?" He thinks those little sayings are the 'cutest imaginable. He thinks the man who invented them must have been looking in his direction as he wrote. He prides himself on the fact that he never, never has any time. Pretty soon he will not have time enough to do business. Pretty soon after that he will be dead. Then he will have time to burn.

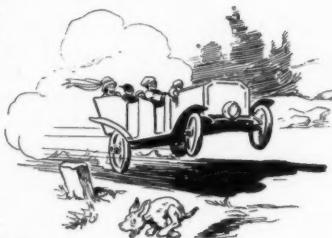
*C*onsider the party in the automobile being jounced along a country road at the rate of fifty miles an hour. They have No-Time. There is autumn fire upon the hillsides. They do not see it. They have no time. The road skirts a little lake, hedged in by balsam and birch. Do they admire? No. They have no time. They are in a hurry. Why? To get where they are going. And then what? Then they will wonder what in the world they are going to do to kill time until dinner. And the matter with these people? No-Time.

*C*onsider the man who always signs his letters "In Haste." Is he in haste? He thinks he is. Why does he think he is in haste? He has No-Time. Then why did he write a letter at all?



*O*h, perhaps just to show how little time he has for letters. Soon somebody will be writing his letters for him. Soon he will be sending night-telegrams. A little while after that, and his will goes to the probate court. Then he will have plenty of time. Then the legatees will have No-Time.

*C*onsider the man who rushes madly into the Subway train, leaving a wake of crushed and indignant people behind him. Is that the last train? No; there is a train every two minutes. Then why this mad activity? He has No-Time. He wants to get home, quick. Why does he want to get home? Oh, just to be home. In the morning he will want to get to the office, quick. Why? Oh, because he wants to be at the office. Would the office be there ten minutes later? Yes. The office will continue to be at that spot long after he discontinues coming downtown. Does he ever think of that? No. He has No-Time.



*C*onsider with me this peculiar disease, No-Time. No time to be courteous; no time to see one's friends; no time to write home to the folks who live out in the country and have plenty of time; no time to read anything but the daily newspaper, which has no time to print anything worth reading; no time to talk of anything except things which are not worth talking about; no time to think of anything except that there is no time to think of anything; no time to walk, no time to play, no time to exercise until the doctor says it is imperative—

*A*nd then no time to do anything else; time to be an automaton, time to be an ineffectual; no time to be a human being; no time to imitate one. The universe has time. The world has time. The trees have time. The grass has time. A squirrel has time. Disease has time. The Average Man has No-Time.

*W*ith some exceptions. The physician has time. The apothecary has time. The undertaker has time. They have time for the man who has No-Time.

FREEMAN TILDEN.

THE VIEWPOINT.

WHEN Persian Omar twanged his bloomin' strings
And sang of earthly Paradise and things,—
Of Books of Verses, Jugs of Wine, and Loaves.—
'E thought 'e knew wot comfort really brings.

Bu' Omar got no Sunday papers, nor
'E did n't see no Comic Sections or
Sporting Page or Colored Supplement,—
'E never smoked and threw 'em on th' floor.

Louis E. Boyer.

OBSERVATIONS OF A GIRL OF TWENTY.

WHEN a girl is in love, it is not only the sun or rain that makes the day bright or gloomy; the postman and the telephone have a lot to do with it.

Some people judge against extreme youth, but that is a thing time will remedy with interest.

All girls would rather a man spend something else besides the mere empty evening.

If a girl takes a man to church on Sunday night, one of two things you may note with perfect verity: She is either sure of him or bored 'most to death.

Sometimes a girl's face is her protection instead of her fortune. The appropriate hymn at a wedding is "The strife is o'er, the battle won."

Jane Boyd Robinson.

THE WORLD STAGE.

ALL the world's a stage. Circumstances write the plays. The petty politicians oil the pulleys and shift the scenes. The officials do the acting. The newspapers work the lights. The people who occupy boxes on free tickets are satisfied as much for being seen as for seeing. As for the rest of the audience, some are entertained, some hope to be entertained at the next performance, some are hypnotized by the subtle art of the players, some are painfully bored, while all think they should have had more for their money.

Ellis O. Jones.

Most of our friends are candid only behind our backs.



IN BUSINESS HOURS.

He fell in love with his stenog.
And told her what a wife she'd make him;
He talked an hour, but alas!
He talked so fast she could n't take him.

PUCK



IN 2010.

FRIEND.—What's this one? I can't make head or tail out of it!

COLLECTOR.—Great Scott, man! That's the best thing in my collection! It's a phonograph record of a phonograph record of a phonograph record of a phonograph record of Teddy Roosevelt's voice. Just think of it! A fourth edition!

TUMBLING.

For biplanes and for monoplanes
I do not care a hang,
They're too much like the whirring grouse
When the gun goes—bang!

OUR happiness as a nation rests on the home, as anyone can see who will soberly consider what else there is which can be so handily mortgaged to buy an automobile.

Among the White Lights.



IV.—GEORGE ARLISS IN "SEPTIMUS."

Daredevils are really not devils at all, but merely a species of sublimated fool.



WEEK OF NOVEMBER 14.

Astor. "The Girl in the Taxi," with Carter De Haven. Evenings 8:20. A mixture of music and dancing.
 Academy of Music. Academy of Music Stock Company. Evenings 8:15. In repertoire.
 American. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings at 8.
 Alhambra. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.
 Belasco. "The Concert," with Leo Dietrichstein. Evenings 8:30. Americanized version of a German farce.
 Broadway. "Judy Forgot," with Marie Cahill. Evenings 8:15. Musical Comedy.
 Bronx. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.
 Bijou. "The Other Fellow," with Thomas Jefferson. Evenings 8:15. A new comedy by George T. Smith.
 Criterion. "The Commuters." All-Star Cast. Evenings 8:20. A play of suburban life.
 City. "The Echo," with Bessie McCoy. Evenings 8:15. A dancing show with musical interruptions.
 Collier's Comedy. "I'll Be Hanged If I Do," with William Collier. Evenings 8:30. A comedy contrasting Newport and Nevada.
 Casino. "He Came from Milwaukee," with Sam Bernard. Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy with chorus.
 Colonial. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.
 Daly's. "Baby Mine," with Marguerite Clark. Evenings 8:30. A comedy farce.
 Empire. "Smith," with John Drew. Evenings 8:15. A satire on English life.
 Gaiety. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," Evenings 8:15. A comedy by George M. Cohan.
 Garrick. "Raffles," with Kyrle Bellew. Evenings 8:20. An incident in the life of a fascinating crook.
 Globe. "The Bachelor Belles," with Adeline Genée. Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy with plot.
 Garden. "The Rosary." Evenings 8:15. Comedy drama of modern life.
 Grand Opera House. "Our Miss Gibbs," with Pauline Chase. Evenings 8:15. Imported from London.
 Hudson. "The Deserter," with Helen Ware. Evenings 8:30. A military play.
 Hippodrome. "The International Cup," Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.
 Herald Square. "Tillie's Nightmare," with Marie Dressler. Evenings 8:15. A musical mixture.
 Hackett. "Mother," with Emma Dunn. Evenings 8:30. A play of home life.
 Hammerstein's. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.
 Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. Evenings 8:15. In repertoire.
 Knickerbocker. "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Julia Neilson and Fred Terry. Evenings 8:15. A play of the French Revolution.
 Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.
 Lyceum. "Electricity," with Marie Doro. Evenings 8:20. A new play by William Gillette.
 Liberty. "The Country Boy," Evenings 8:15. A comedy of to-day.
 Lyric. "Mme. Troubadour," with Grace La Rue and Van Rensselaer Wheeler. Evenings 8:15. A French musical comedy without chorus.
 Manhattan Opera House. "Hans the Flute-Player." Evenings 8:15. A comic opera in English.
 Maxine Elliott's. "The Gamblers." All-Star Cast. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.
 New Amsterdam. "Madame Sherry," with Lina Abarbanell and Ralph Herz. Evenings 8:15. A musical show.
 New York. "Naughty Marietta," with Emma Trentini. Evenings 8:10. A comic opera in English.
 New Theatre. "Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Thunderbolt." Evenings 8:15. New Theatre Stock Company.
 Nazimova's. "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," with Weedon Grossmith. Evenings 8:20. An English comedy.
 Plaza. Vale Stock Company. Evenings 8:15. In repertoire.
 Republic. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Evenings 8:15. From the novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
 Wallack's. "Alias Jimmy Valentine," with H. B. Warner. Evenings 8:15. A retrieved reformation.
 Weber's. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Kitty Gordon. Evenings 8:15. A German comedy farce.

L. H.

MEN AND GIRLS.

"**A**RE men as black," she queried,
"As they are painted, do you think?"
In Yankee style I answered her:
"Are girls," I asked, "as pink?"

SECRETS.

FIRST FINANCIER.—I made my success by putting my money where I could get my hands on it easily.

SSECOND DITTO.—And I got mine by putting other people's where I could get my hands on it easily.

A REQUEST

MINING CO. PRESIDENT.—Have you seen our annual statement?
FRIEND.—Yes. Now, just between ourselves, I'd like to ask you one question.

M. C. P.—Certainly.

FRIEND.—Just what is your exact financial condition?

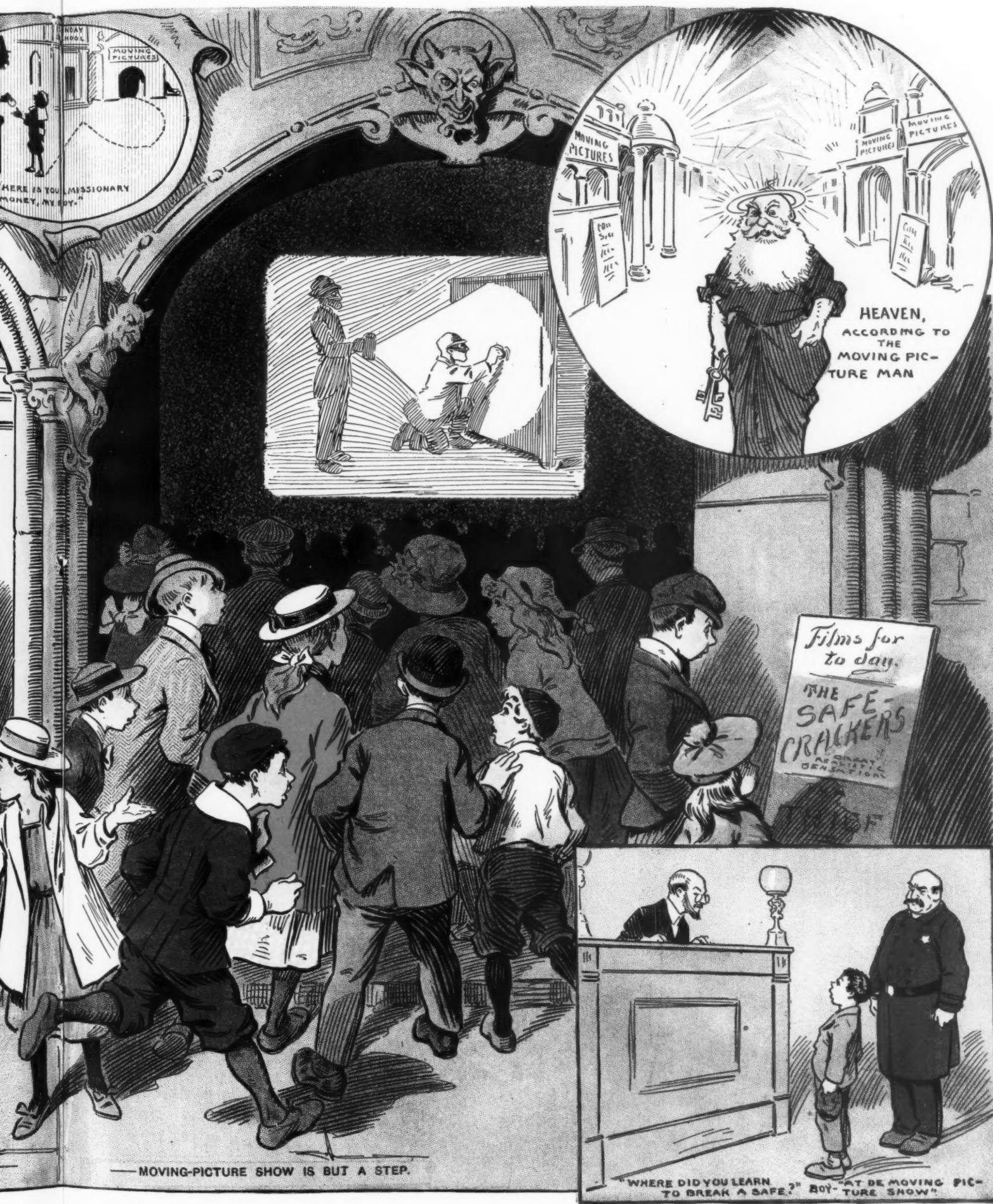


THE DEVIL'S RECRUITING STATION

THE PUCK PRESS

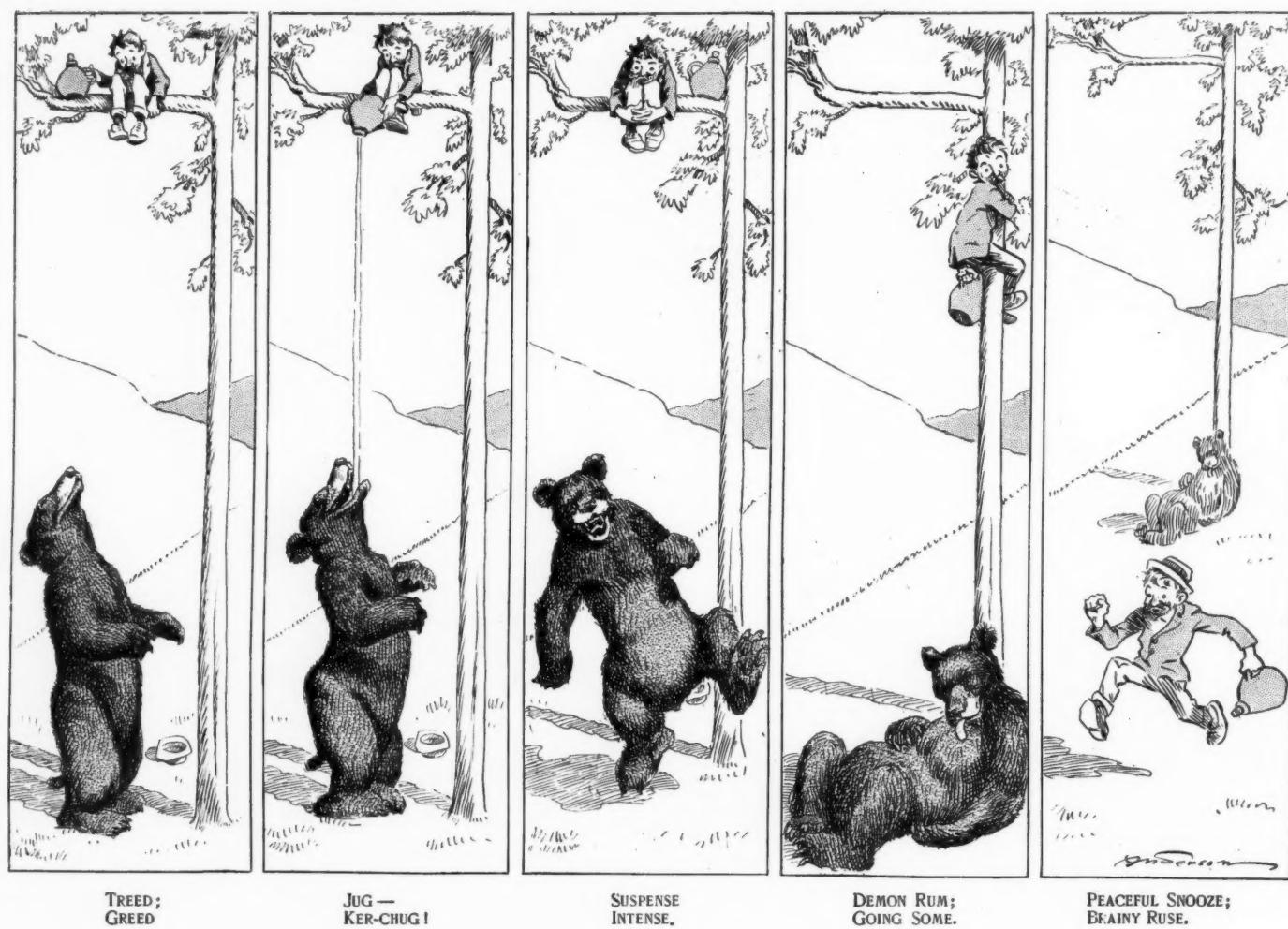
FROM THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TO THE —

YOUNG AMERICA AND THE MOVE



D THE MOVING-PICTURE SHOW.

DIRECT TO CONSUMER; OR, SAVED BY HARD CIDER.



ETIQUETTE FOR HUSBANDS.

The model husband should learn Esperanto—it contains no swear-words.

The husband of a woman with a mission should not drink more than just enough to produce semi-oblivion.

The husband of a lady doctor should not boast of what we know. He does n't know anything—his wife knows it all.

The husband of a Suffragette orator should, if possible, be born deaf and dumb. If he has n't this virtue he should assume it.

The husband of a school-teacher should never stay out late at night without bringing home a written excuse in the morning.

The husband of the landlady of a select boarding-house should efface himself as much as possible. The guests will be more reconciled to their own condition if they believe he is worse off than they are. He should never "answer back" to his wife, as such conduct has a tendency to tempt the boarders to do likewise. Above all else, he should avoid being fat, for that might lead them to suspect that he was getting "bites" between meals. His rôle should be that of the clinging vine, pure and simple—especially simple. T. P. M.

THE SUPREME TEST.

"YOU aspire to become our Professor of Modern Languages?" asked the President of the Board of Trustees of the Milledgeville College.

"Yes sir," was the respectful answer of the applicant.

"Können Sie Deutsch sprechen?" asked the President sharply.

"Jawohl!" came the answer of the applicant, not to be taken off his guard thus easily.

"Parlez-vous français?" demanded the interrogator, giving the applicant no time for recovery.

"Oui," said the applicant. The president beamed with pleasure upon his fellow members of the Board.

"It seems," he said, addressing no one in particular, "that the gentleman is eminently qualified for the post. But," turning again to the applicant, "there is one more question that I must ask you. What is the simian equivalent of fear as expressed in the monkey language as transcribed by Professor Garner?"

Realizing that he had failed in the supreme test, the applicant turned sadly away.

Roy R. Atkinson.

FALSE.

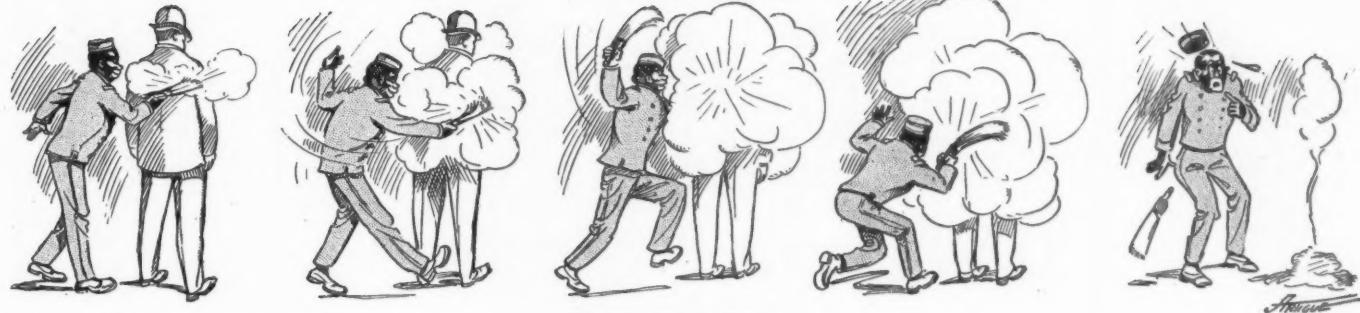
CLERK.—This is an eight-day clock.

MURPHY.—G'wan! It's a loi; there's only sivin days in the wake!



THE RULING PASSION: SPEED.
BEING THE LATEST THING IN INVALID CHAIRS.

PUCK



DUST TO DUST!
A WARNING TO PORTERS AND HALL-BOYS.

HIS PREDECESSORS.



"ELL, I'm glad it is settled and we can know where we are at," said Sister Sharpe as she handed the new minister his second cup of tea. "It seems good to have a reg'lar settled pastor once more, even if the vote to call you wa' n't altogether unanimous. Some held out for Brother Jaster that we had preach for us a few times, but I guess they won't make no trouble because we called you. Now that you are to come, and you are to stay with me until your folks come, I been thinkin' that it would n't be no more than a kindness for me to tell you the reasons why some of your predecessors was asked to resign. I been thinking that if I told you the plain truth about it mebbe it would help you not to make the mistakes that they made. I ain't a word to say ag'in any of 'em. All of 'em meant well, and I reckon they done the best they could accordin' to their lights, but yet they did n't just suit our people. There was Brother Baggster: The trouble was he preached too long. I've kept my eye on the clock many and many a time when he was preachin', and the shortest sermon I ever knewed him to give us was fifty-nine minutes long, and it run all the way from that up to an hour and twenty minutes, and some of us on tenterhooks

knowin' how our dinners was spoilin' at home. Then there was Brother Sapp, who cut his sermons so short you hardly got settled comfortable in your pew and come to git some edified before he had you up for the benediction. Seemed like it wa' n't hardly worth while to dress up and come to church for such a stingy little excuse of a sermon. Brother Broad's sermons was sort o' betwixt and between Brother Sapp's and Brother Baggster's when it come to len'th, but he was too lib'ral to suit most of our people. Said right in the pulpit that he did n't see no harm in folks goin' out walking on Sundays when he knewed very well that all of our deacons thought it a dessication o' the Sabbath to go out walkin' on Sundays unless you walked in the graveyard. That sermon finished Brother Broad's far as his usefulness with us was consarned. Then we had Brother Bright for a year, and he was a pretty good preacher but no kind of a pastor—that is, he wa' n't no good at calling and being sociable. Never seemed to know what to do or say in the sickroom and was a poor hand at a fun'r. Did n't seem to enjoy church sociables nor fun'rals. Come right out flat once and said he thought a pastor ought to give his flock more of his brains than of the calves of his legs—meanin' by that he'd better stay in his study instid o' runnin' around ringing doorbells. That offended Miss Nancy Prude, our wealthiest female member, for she did n't think it nice for a man to say 'legs' in the pulpit, so she shut off her contribution o' fifty cents a week until Brother Bright left. Then we had Brother Gushly, who was too poeticky to suit them that wanted the real meat o' th' Gospel in their sermons. They said it was bad enough for Brother Gushly to work poems of Longfeller and Tennerson and Whittaker twenty verses long into his sermons, but when he got to working poems of his own of that len'th into them they would n't stand for it. He even talked in poetry. Come here once, and when I went to the door he says first thing:

"It's a very good day
To make calls and pray."

Some of our deacons said that was sackeridge and they had him up before 'em for it, and he got sassy and offered his resignation in a poem that the deacons said was an insult to the whole church. So you better steer clear o' poetry in your sermons.

"Just thought I'd tell you how and why some o' your predecessors fell down, as the sayin' is, so that you could sort o' be on your guard and not offend in the same way. I think you'll find our people fair-minded and easy to git along with if you do what's right. If not—help yourself to some of that piccalilly. I made it out o' some tomaters and cabbage and peppers that was some spoiled but that I hated to throw away, so it ain't as good as it might be."

M. M.



HIGH FINANCE

MOSE JOHNSON.—Say, Pete, s'pose we gets ketched fer stealin' dese heah turkeys—does we get jailed?

PETE PERSIMMONS.—Suttinly not; turkeys am so high nowadays dat stealin' a turkey's des like stealin' a railroad!

The chap who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow at least saves the price of Turkish baths.



A BEARDED LADY!?
NO; SHE IS MERELY COMBING
OUT SOME OF HER HAIR.

A HUNTER HIGH BALL

GRATIFIES SATISFIES CHEERS AND REFRESHES

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THE FISHERMAN.—I've bought a fly-book for each of us.
THE NOVICE.—Do you suppose we'll have time to read them?—*Brooklyn Life.*

PLACED HIM.
“WHO is that man at the next table with that downcast, sad, resigned expression?” asked the guest at the club.

“I don't recall his name,” replied the host, “but he is either a Republican or married to a Suffragette; one can hardly tell them apart nowadays.”—*Life.*

VANCE.—I think Ferdie ranks with Edison as an inventor and benefactor of man.

LUELLA.—What did he invent?

VANCE.—He invented a device to prevent cigarette papers from blowing away in a strong breeze.—*Scraps.*

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Chicago.

“THE man who invented the pay-as-you-enter street-car system was a great genius.”

“Fudge! He was only half a genius.”

“What makes you say that?”

“He didn't begin it by inventing the come-when-you-want-'em car system.”—*Ex.*

“Pop, do you see that fashionably dressed lady going along there?”

“I certainly do, son. Who is she?”

“She's my Sunday-school teacher.”

“Your Sunday-school teacher?”

“Yes, pop.”

“Well, she certainly does look good to me!”—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Milo

The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

**AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY**

At your Club or Dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

THE MASCULINE IDEA.

HER HUSBAND.—I saw a beautiful gown in a shop window to-day.

HIS WIFE.—What was it like, dear?

HER HUSBAND.—Well, it was made of that zig-zaggy kind of stuff with curlicues on the front and back, and some stylish-looking dildoes on the skirt. I wish you could get one just like it.—*Chicago News.*

EMPLOYER.—Come here, young man. I understand you've been gambling in rubber shares.

CLERK.—Yes, sir. I made £120 last week.

EMPLOYER.—Great Scott! Do you know anything else?—*London Opinion.*

COURTESY IS ITS OWN REWARD.



I.
TOURISTS.—Ah, there comes a fat policeman. We will all have to make room for him.

A bottle of Abbott's Bitters should be on every table to serve with the soup course. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

“WHY do you watch the baseball bulletins so closely?” asked one woman.
“My husband is an enthusiast over the game,” replied the other. “I make it a rule never to discuss household or millinery expenses with him except on days when the home team wins.”—*Washington Star.*



II.

FAT POLICEMAN.—Five marks apiece, if you please, gentlemen. It is a misdemeanor to step on the lawn.

—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
“Its Purity Has Made It Famous.”
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

“How do you know she's older than you are?”

“Why, she admitted it herself.”

“Honest? What did she say?”

“She said: ‘You and I are exactly the same age, dearie.’”—*Cleveland Leader.*



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TIME, THREE A.M.—ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

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Not only the best AMERICAN Champagne but the very best CHAMPAGNE money can buy
Served by the discriminating hostess everywhere

SALVATION'S STILL FREE.
There's a tariff on sugar,
A tariff on ice,
A tariff on iron,
A tariff on rice,
A tariff on lemons,
A tariff on tea,
But praise be to Allah,
Salvation's still free!

There's a tariff on razors,
A tariff on soap,
A tariff on leather,
A tariff on rope,
A tariff on coral
That comes from the sea,
But, whoop, hallelujah,
Salvation's still free!

There's a tariff on clothing,
A tariff on rails,
A tariff on hosiery,
On tin cups and pails,
A tariff on farm tools,
Note Schedule C—
But shout loud, ye mourners!
Salvation's still free!

There's a tariff on coffins,
A tariff on lead,
A tariff on everything,
Both living and dead;
A tariff on cotton—
See page 83,
But let the sun shine!
Salvation's still free!
—Exchange.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

a rich, mellow smack

such as only long aging in the wood can give.

Pure, uniform; tempting to the eye and taste.
Well worth insisting upon.

Distilled and bottled in bond by
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DREADFUL POSSIBILITY.
Your wife is gone to the dressmaker's to try on a new dress."

"I am glad of that. I feared she had gone to pay for the last one." — *Fliegende Blätter.*

"HER cooking-school habits are a great deal of bother to me."

"How now?"
"She always wants to taste the gasoline when the automobile isn't working right." — *Courier-Journal.*

ANGLER (who is telling his big fish story).—What weight was he? Well, they had n't right weights at the inn, but he weighed exactly a flatiron, two eggs, and a bit of soap! — *Punch.*

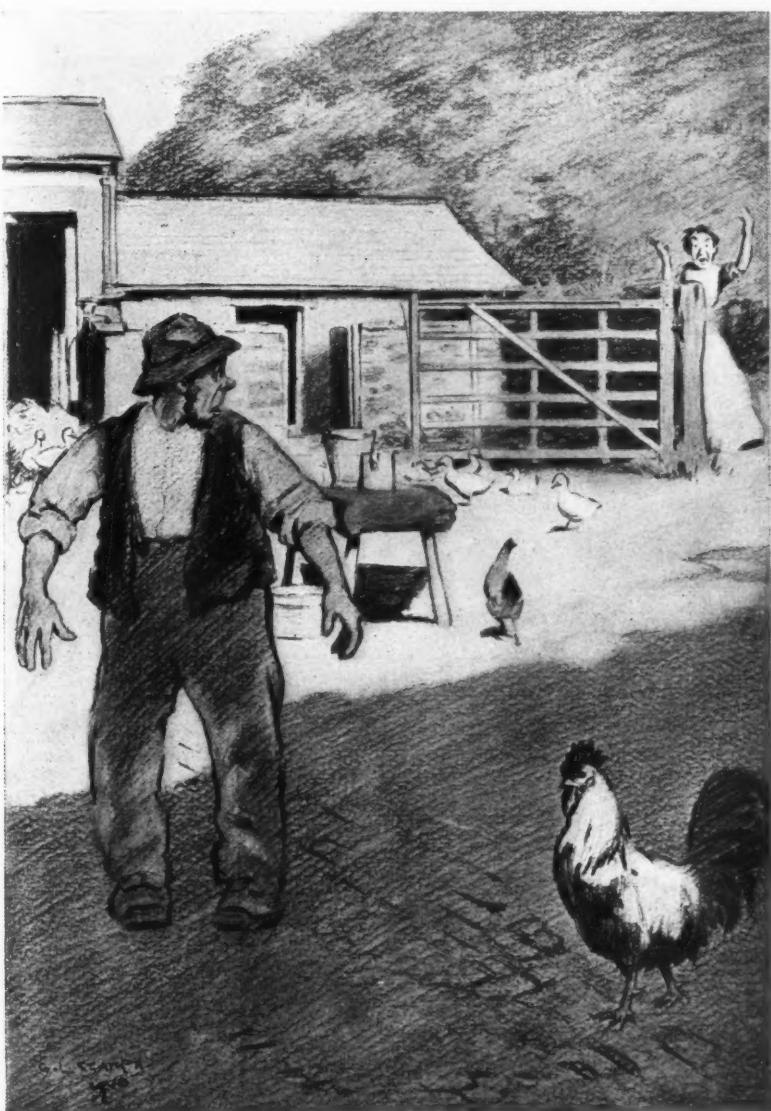


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ASK FOR IT AT THE CLUB, CAFE OR BUFFET
INSIST ON **BLATZ**
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED DIRECT



NO CAUSE FOR HURRY.

NEIGHBOR.—Hi! Come quick; your Mary's fell in t' pond!
FARMER (excitedly).—What has?
NEIGHBOR.—Mary; your wife!
FARMER (relieved).—Mary! Lor, you did give me a turn; I thought you said mare! — *The Tatler.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

DIFFERENCE.

"What is the difference between common salt and chloride of sodium?" asked the young man who is studying chemistry.
"About two dollars an ounce," candidly replied the man who puts up prescriptions.— *Washington Star.*

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APPROPRIATE.

LADY SHOPPER.—I am looking for a suitable Christmas present for a gentleman.

CLERK.—What is your friend's occupation?

LADY SHOPPER.—He is an undertaker.

CLERK.—An undertaker. Let me show you a nice berry set.— *Boston Transcript.*

PATIENCE.—Five patents upon safety razors have been granted to English women in the last year.

PATRICE.—To women?

"Yes, to women."

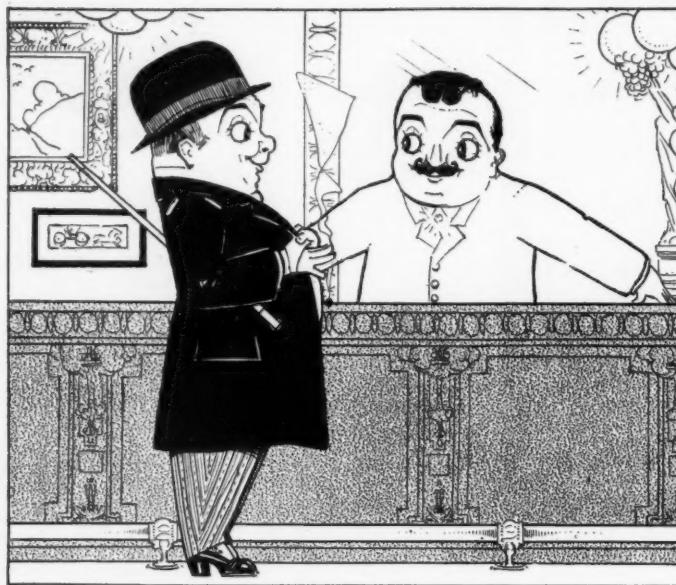
"Why, I didn't know you could cut corns with a safety-razor." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

SEASIDE VISITOR (admiring a seagull).—How nice and clean he looks.

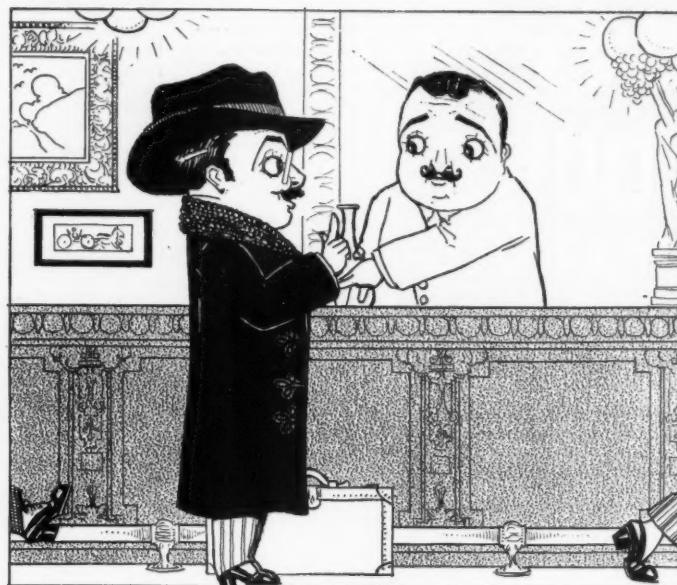
BOATMAN.—Ah, ma'am, if you spent as much time in the water as he does, you'd look clean too. — *Punch.*



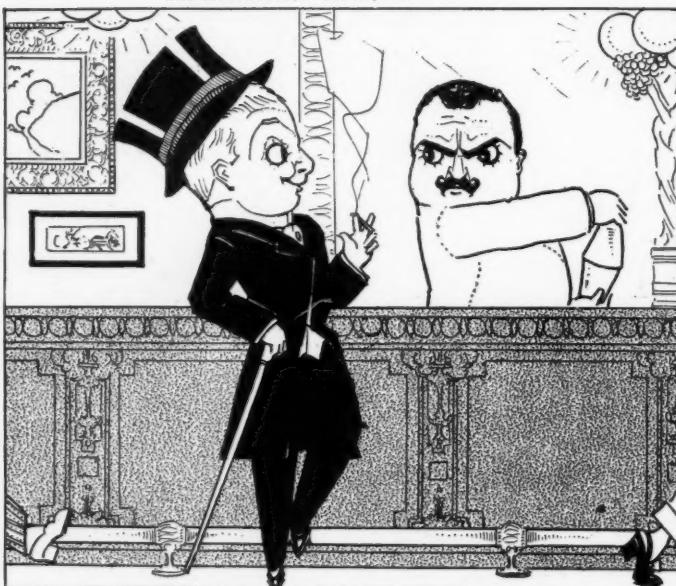
THE POWER OF REPETITION.



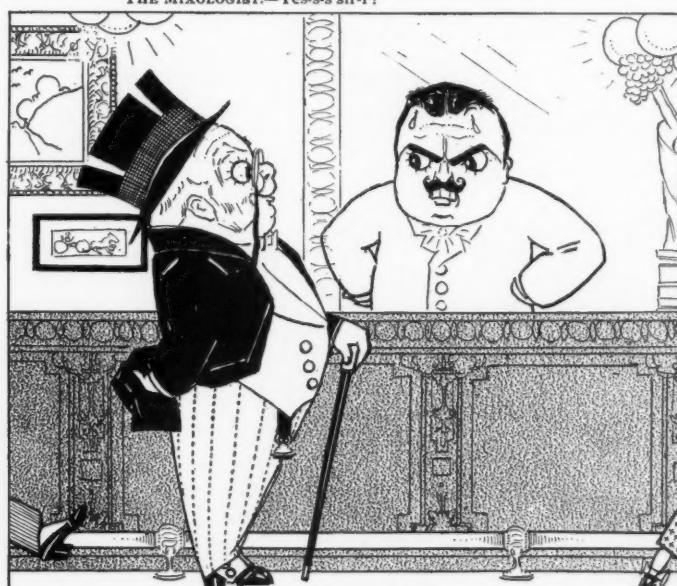
I.
THE FIRST MAN TO SAY IT.—Fine day to-day!
THE MIXOLOGIST.—Yes sir, it sure is.



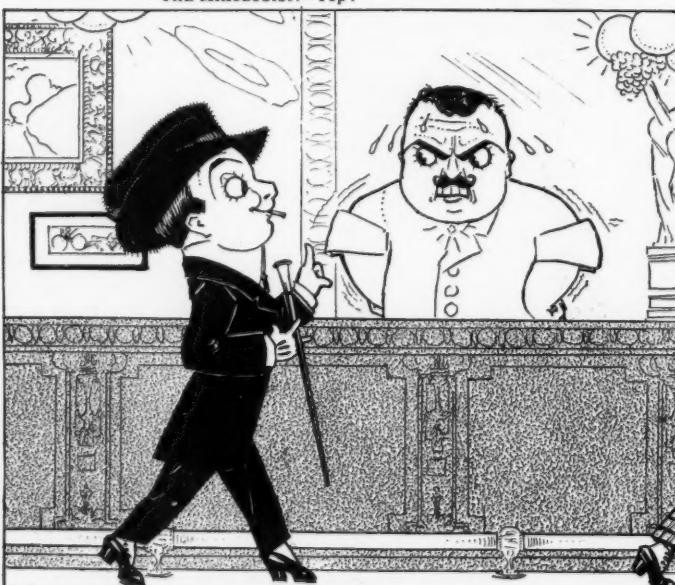
II.
THE TWENTY-NINTH MAN TO SAY IT.—Fine day to-day!
THE MIXOLOGIST.—Yes-s-s sir-r!



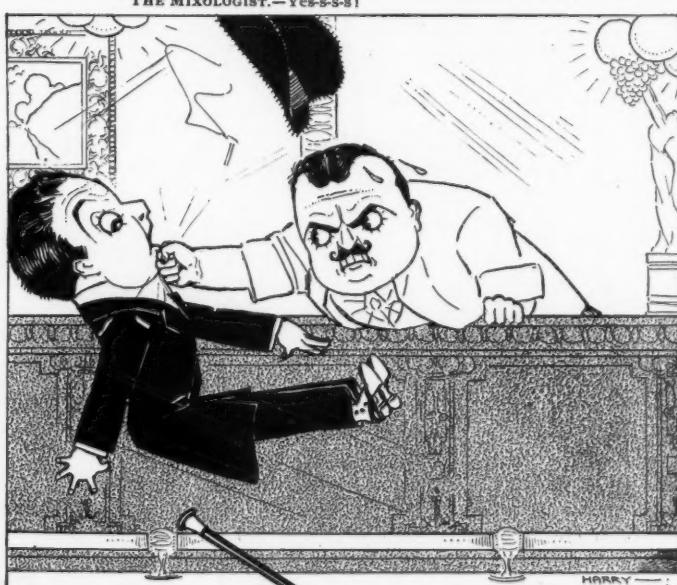
III.
THE SIXTY-THIRD MAN TO SAY IT.—Fine day to-day!
THE MIXOLOGIST.—Yep!



IV.
THE NINETY-SEVENTH MAN TO SAY IT.—Fine day to-day!
THE MIXOLOGIST.—Yes-s-s-s!



V.
THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-THIRTEEN MAN.—Fine day to-day, ain't it, George?
THE MIXOLOGIST.—Great, but—



VI.
— it can't last!

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As near perfect as mother nature and human skill can make them
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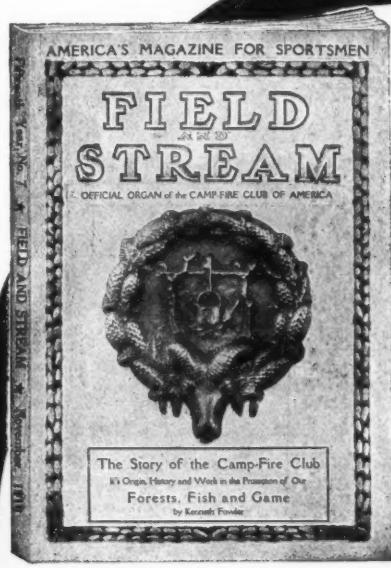
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"AND now," as Lady Godiva remarked when she was returning from her ride, "I'm drawing near my clothes."—*Ex.*

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In order to further this work, to enlist the support of the thousands of sportsmen in this country, and to influence the proper kind of legislation, FIELD AND STREAM has been appointed the Official Organ of the Camp-Fire Club and adds its forces to those of the Club in the protection of our wild life, saving of

our forests and game covers, and the stocking of our lakes and streams.

We want you to read in the November issue Kenneth Fowler's "Story of the Camp-Fire Club," its Origin, History and Work in the Protection of Our Forests, Fish and Game, and to put your shoulder to the wheel in work which is of vital importance to you.

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In order to prevent the complete annihilation of our game covers and fishing waters by the get-rich-quick methods of lumbering and paper pulp industries, together with the characteristic short-sighted extravagance of the Americans, it is imperative that a vigorous fight be made to save the forests. Every sportsman should read WARREN H. MILLER's series of articles, on "European Forestry," beginning in this November number; they give the best methods of European practice as applied to our National problem of the conservation of our National resources.

This big subject is the problem of the hour, of the present generation, of the children who follow us; and deeply affects the prosperity of the Nation to the end of time.

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"My heart, marse doctor, oughter go 'tic, toc'—
I've done gone an' swallered a watch."—*Le Rire*.

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Step Lively

And Gain a Little
every step

The More You Walk
The More You Gain

(SEE DIAGRAM OF NORMAL &
ABNORMAL WALK HEREWITH)

The Proper Walk

In the proper walk, the feet should be carried parallel with one another, so that a line from the center of the knee would pass through the second toe.

If this line hits the inner side of the great toe the walk is abnormal.

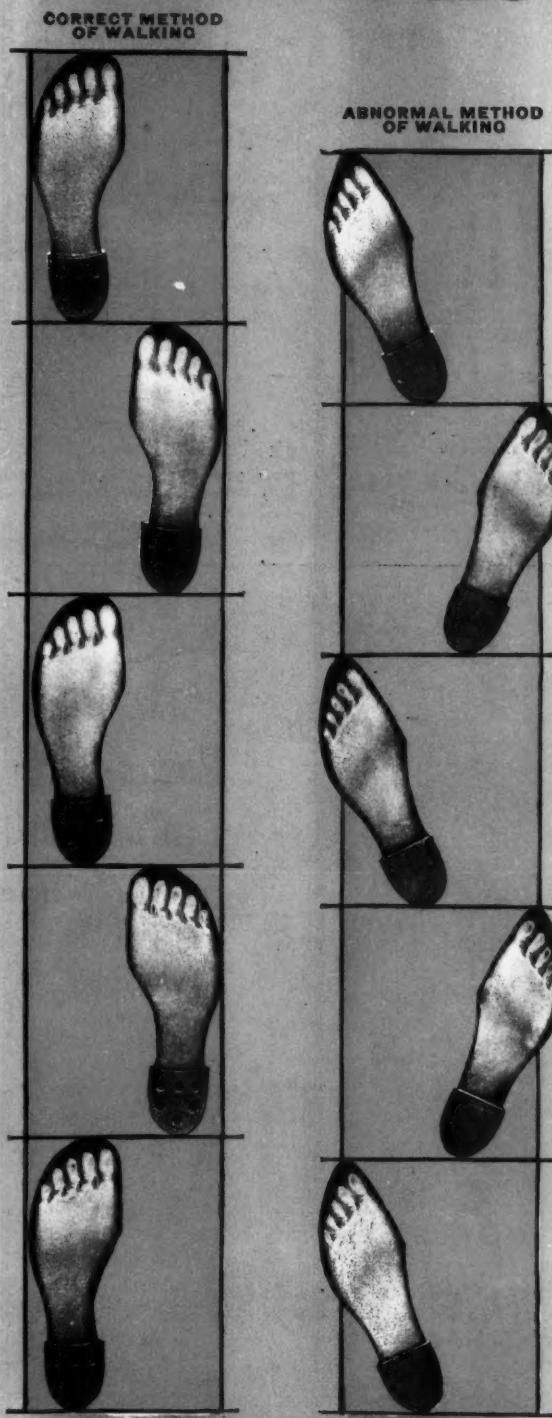
In the proper walk you strike the heel first, bear your weight on the outer edge of the foot, using the ball of the foot as the fulcrum by the aid of the calf muscles to lift the body.

O'Sullivan's Heels of Live Rubber encourage the proper walk. It is easy, graceful, natural—the live rubber energizes your step. With the same effort you can walk brisker and farther on the Live Rubber Heels.

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When Live Rubber is so essential to restore nature's resiliency to your walk and junk rubber is so worthless for the purpose, it seems criminal that some unscrupulous dealers, for the sake of the little extra profit, foist the inferior article on you—unless you insist on O'Sullivan's.

The price of crude rubber has advanced, but the O'Sullivan Rubber Co. will not advance their price—50c. always. Shoe dealers everywhere.



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